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THREE MORAL GIRLS

(HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES)

THREE MORAL GIRLS

BY

MRS. SUSIE M. CHAMBERLIN

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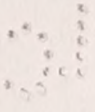
By Mrs. S. M. Chamberlin



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PREFACE.

These pages, written in the Spirit of the Master, are sent forth in His Name, to help those precious, sweet maidens just budding into womanhood, and those dear young men who are starting out in life with the brightest ambitions for the future.

Yes, the moral class of either sex, those who want to be at their very best at home or abroad, that class Christ, our Lord, wants to save to the uttermost to be used for His glory as shining lights unto Him, to be kept from the evil of this world, and to so shine in the darkened places of this earth where dear souls do not know the loving Saviour, who purchased their salvation by His death on Calvary's Cross by the shedding of His blood to set them free.

" For without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin."

Christ died for the sinner that all may be saved; that is, all who believe. There is no salvation for the unbeliever.

Now, a word for the dear parents of our young people. The Lord bless them, and may God bring out His highest thought for the fathers and mothers of the precious children so they may truly say, " As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Now, may Christ pour out His Holy Spirit in convicting and convincing power upon all the dear hearts who are not saved, those who want pardon can have it, and be made Sons and Daughters of the living God.

May the dear Lord add His choicest blessing upon this little volume, and send home by the Spirit the words written to the hearts of those who want God's Best, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. — Isaiah i. 18.

Oh, that the world would taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. — John x. 9.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. — John iii. 16.

A simple text! Its words so few,
And yet God's message, sweetly true!

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. — Romans vi. 23.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word. — Psalm cxix. 9.

It is good that thou shouldest take hold of this. — Ecclesiastes vii. 18.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple. — Psalm xxvii. 4.

Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us. — Psalm lxii. 8.

Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

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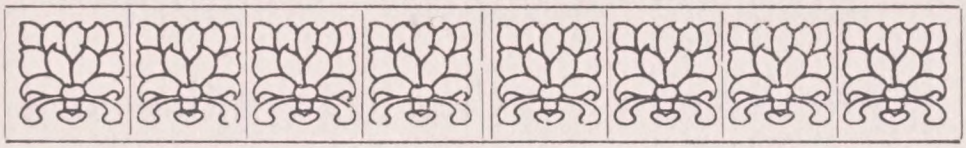

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, Ruth, and dear little Josie, how do you do? What a hug! Oh, my, such a sweet kiss! It is wholesome to get such nice, fresh kisses, and real invigorating — it is so fashionable now, with the hand shake, to kiss every lady, no matter how old or ugly, how young or handsome."

"Why, Ella, you are as spasmodic as ever, you are — Oh, don't interrupt me, Ruth, I was just going down to your house — I am going to the theatre."

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed Ruth, "but you always do say such queer things — you are so quaint in your manners, and original in your remarks."

"Don't know whether to take that as a compliment or not," laughed Ella.

"Well, aren't you glad too, Josie? You haven't said so yet, but of course you are, little one. And, Oh, it would be so nice if you both could go with me? Can't you? I should enjoy it so much better if we could all go together. I don't believe my brother will care a mite — I will ask him. It is Bertie, you know, who has invited me, so we are to have a glorious time."

"Oh, don't ask him for me, dear," cried the tall, stately Ruth—"all the same I am very much obliged for the invitation, but I must politely decline, as I have to go to the Christian Endeavor; they meet to-night to do something about helping those little, ragged urchins who have no home or comforts like us, you know."

"Oh, Ruthie, how dolefully you talk! Dear me, if I did not love you so well, and you was n't one of the best girls I know, I could n't stand your talk about the heathen sometimes. Why, go to a place like that, and throw away such a fine chance of going to the theatre, and such good company as Bertie, the dearest brother a girl ever had on earth, one of the nicest young men you could find in all the world — any lady in the land would be proud to go to the theatre with *my* brother, and I am sure you have slighted me; if it was n't you, Ruth, I would be really provoked."

"Now, dear Ella, I do not slight your invitation, so you may save yourself the trouble of being provoked, for you know well enough it is not my own choice; I

would much rather go with you, and, of course, feel highly honored to go with so nice a young man as Bertie, but I have promised Mamma, and don't see how I can do any other way than go. Why, it was only last night that she cried so, when she thought about those homeless, neglected ones. And, you know, they are going to try to start a fund for the destitute children to-night, so Mamma will go any way. Of course, us girls don't understand it, and it will be very dry to me, especially as there are to be two Foreign Missionaries there to speak. But I shall try to think what a good time you are having, and endure it for dear mother's sake."

For Ruthie dearly loved that mother, who had been so much to her since her

father had been laid away in the grave on that cold winter day, with the feeling she should never see him more.

"But now, Josie may answer for herself, for she has been eagerly waiting for some time to accept your very polite invitation."

"Well, really, Ella, your invitation was very sweet. I think it would be very nice to go, and should deem it quite a privilege to go with you and Bertie, if Mamma is willing, and I have no doubt she will be."

"You dear, sweet child, that is just like you, Josie, Now I will hurry, and go in and see Bertie."

"Oh, I thought you were going down to our house," cried Ruth. "Well, that was before I met you, so you see that it was quite providential, and I shan't have

more than time if I go to Bertie's store, and perhaps I can come home with him in the team. So be sure and come early if your Mamma is willing, Josie." Another hug and kiss, and away she merrily tripped, with a light heart, nothing on her mind to disturb, and only bent on having "a glorious time," as she called it, at the theatre.

CHAPTER II

But as the bright, laughing girl left her companions, a feeling hard to define came upon the sweet girl Josie. She did not understand it, but in her heart she almost wished she was to go with Ruth to the Christian Endeavor, though she would not dare to utter such a speech. Poor Josie, she began now to remember some of her mother's teaching, and wondered if the theatre was the place for her to go after all, and her heart became heavy. But Ruthie, catching a side glimpse of her exclaimed, "Oh, Josie, what has driven that sweet smile from your face? It would almost seem you were troubled, or at least puzzled about some great scheme you had undertaken, and you could not see any-

thing but tremendous mistakes you had tumbled into. That would answer for older folks, but not for Josie Freeman. Do tell us, dear, what troubles you. I thought as soon as Ella Goodwin went you could not speak of anything else but the joyous time you were going to have to-night. How I did envy you! But instead of that you have not spoken one word since she left us, and you have become really as solemn as an owl."

" That is just it, Ruthie. I do not know how to explain, or whether it need to be explained. I never was so troubled before — "

" Mercy! child, what is it? You nearly take my breath away. Have you become frightened at the bare idea, of the immensity of the stupendous honor con-

ferred upon you by being permitted to go in company with Mr. Bertie Goodwin, ' one of the best young men in the world,' as Ella styles it? Has it overpowered you, child? Tell me quickly, and I will extricate you, or perish in the attempt."

" Oh, Ruthie, Ruthie, do stop," laughed Josie, though the laugh was not so clear and free as usual. " It is not as serious as that, I hope, but really, Ruth, I don't know as I have done right in accepting so hurriedly an invite to the theatre, even with such good company."

" Oh! my," drawled Ruth, with a comical grin, " don't I wish I could change places with Josie Freeman to-night! You are just the one to enjoy a prayer meeting. Mercy on me! And I the theatre — what a distinction! And really, I am as

good as you, Josie. What has come over you, you little goose? Dear me, would n't Ella feel flattered?" and again she laughed merrily. "It is too rich — I declare — "

"Stop laughing at me, Ruthie. I cannot tell you more, unless, unless" — and the tears gushed forth, and the poor child gave vent to her feelings, which had so long been pent up in the heart of the pure, unsullied girl.

"Oh, Josie! you dear, precious, sweet girl, you darling, you know how I love you. I was not laughing at you, but it was all so comical. Now, dear, dry your tears, little one, and tell me all about it, and I will help you just the best I can. Ella has had hard luck — seems to me she had better have gone alone, and said nothing to any one. Perhaps Mr. Bertie

would n't have cared for our company, after all? He did not give us the invitation. You are a wise little head, Josie, and you have one of the best Mammas. Of course, she will set this matter to rights quickly."

"I ought not to have been so hasty to have promised; I should have asked Mamma first. Do you think, Ruth, it is perfectly right?" said she, somewhat calmed by Ruthie's love and devotion to her, for really, Ruth was a good girl, but like all High School girls, she liked fun, even if it was at some one else's expense. But she dearly loved her little friend, and would have gone to any length, in her energetic way, to have been of any assistance to her.

"Do you really think it is right," she

again reiterated, " to go to such places? "

" And why not, pray? What is there wrong about it? What harm? We are good, moral girls. No, I see no harm in going; I like to go, and it is nice and fashionable, and everybody goes."

" Yes, even professors of religion."

" Oh, yes, don't you know some churches allow their members to go to theatres. I know of one young lady who would not join a church because the pastor did not approve of dancing and theatres, so she united with another one, where the minister did uphold such things."

" You don't mean it, Ruth."

" Yes, indeed."

" But here we are just opposite Aunt Abbie's. Let us go in a minute. I have an errand to do for Mamma — she wants

her to go to the meeting to-night. Perhaps she will help us out a little on this question."

CHAPTER III

"Well, girls, how do you do?" said Aunt Abbie, shaking hands with them both. "You are looking as fresh as rose-buds. May the dear Lord always keep you so."

"How do you do, Auntie? Mamma sent me over to see if you would go to the Christian Endeavor to-night. You know they are going to try to raise money for the poor children."

"Yes, I think I will gladly go with her to-night. I do not know of anything now to hinder, for there is need enough for every child of God to go, and help, when they can have such a blessed privilege."

"Mamma will be pleased to have you go, I am sure."

"Your mother tells me you are going, Ruth."

"Yes, I promised to go." Really, Ruth's cheeks reddened, but she did not know why, as she replied to Aunt Abbie.

"And do you go, too, Josie? It will be very interesting." But Josie did not know how to answer, and never before had words failed Ruth, but with a hasty effort she finally said, "No, Aunt Abbie, Josie has accepted an invitation to go to the theatre, and I should have done the same if it had not been for my promise to Mamma about this Endeavor Meeting."

She was a brave girl, and she said it to shield Josie, to cover her confusion, but she felt like bursting into tears, and wished she had not been obliged to say anything about the theatre, for somehow she felt very uncomfortable, with Aunt Abbie's pure eyes looking straight into hers, as she gave the answer.

"Well, dear, I think the prayer-meeting will be the better place for you to go to-night, and I wish Josie was going, too. Is your mother quite willing for you to go with Ella, Josie?"

"Oh, Mrs. Parker, my own dear mother" — (And Josie was on the point of bursting into tears again — what had come over the child?) "My own dear mother does not know; I was hasty in accepting, and so I came in with Ruthie to ask you some questions about it, though I really do not know how I can alter it now, if Mamma is willing," said Josie all in a breath. "Oh, I do so wish I had n't said I would go! Dear Mrs. Parker, would you think it wrong to go to the theatre?"

"Decidedly; it is no place for a Christian, and I really should have no desire to

go. Since I gave my heart to the Lord when I was a young girl like you He took all such desires away. Praise His dear Name! I could not serve Him truthfully if I entered into such worldly pastimes as that."

"Yes, yes, but do you really think it is a sin? Why, Christians do go to the theatre," said Josie.

"Yes, Auntie, I know they do," Ruth exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis, "and I do love to go myself, and can see no harm in it."

"Did you ever talk with your mother on this subject, Ruth?"

"Not very much, Auntie. You know she always feels so bad if I love to do those things she does not enjoy. Poor Mamma, I wish she would go out into society more — I think it would do her good."

"Well; I should not want a daughter of mine to be fond of going to such places, and I am sure, dear, you would derive much more benefit, and be a great deal happier, if you were a good, Christian girl, and doing the works of your Lord and Master, if you did not love, and were not so fond of such worldly life. You are a dear, good girl, Ruth, but you need the Saviour's guiding hand to lead you. You do not know the sweetness of the life of a true Christian, or you would never put off longer this important step, of giving yourself wholly to Christ, and following in His footsteps instead of that of His enemy."

"Oh, Auntie, am I really bad; so bad that I am following Christ's enemy?"

"Christ says, 'He that is not for us is against us.'" To this Ruth made no re-

ply, and Auntie continued. "I really believe, Ruth, God will bless you to-night by the sacrifice you make in pleasing your mother rather than yourself. I only wish Josie was going, too."

"So do I," assented Josie.

"Well, do you know, I believe she would enjoy the meeting, Auntie. I cannot see why it is a sin to go to the theatre, dances, and all such nice places. Now, will you give me some good reasons why you think it is wrong, for professed Christians *do go?* They like it or they would not be found there so often, and really, Auntie, I can see why professed Christians should not be found there, for I am sure it would be no place for you or Mamma, Uncle Len, or Josie's mother, so I can readily see why *real* Christians

ought not to go. But some churches allow it, for I told Josie about a friend who would not unite with one church you know, where the pastor did not allow dancing or theatre going. So she joined one where the minister did uphold it."

" Well, may God help that pastor! We will call those who go, ' professed ' Christians, but truly, if those people who professed religion, really and truly were consecrated to God, and were close followers of Christ, I cannot think the dear Lord would ever lead them to any such place, nor will they have any inclination to go there. They may be professors of religion, but they have lost their first love, and have wandered out into worldliness, and have become lukewarm. May Jesus so convict and convert that pastor, who upholds

those sinful pleasures, that he will preach Christ to his people, and not countenance anything that would lead to wrong doing, or be helpful to the enemy of our souls. May he help his people to forsake worldliness, and draw nigh to God. May the Holy Spirit of God speak to such an one with mighty convicting and convincing power, and show him the snare he is setting for unwary feet."

" Oh, dear, I do know Christians ought not to go. Oh, Auntie, I know now they never ought to be seen inside of such a place. If I was a Christian I know I could not go; but for us girls, you know, who do not profess, why, surely, there is no harm, for we are good, moral girls, and no one can point the finger of scorn at us. Our lives, thoughts, and feelings are pure,

our character without spot or blemish, as every one knows — for you know, Auntie, everybody loves Mamma, — she is the dearest Christian, and Josie Freeman, why, she is the sweetest of all girls — every one loves her, you know; she, I am sure, is a model young lady; you will admit that, Auntie, and surely, it could do no harm for us to go, or Ella Goodwin."

"Yes, of course," replied Aunt Abbie, "Josie is a very nice girl; I admit all you say about the good, moral character of you girls. They all lay Josie's sweetness and purity to her dear mother's Christian influence, and prayers to our dear heavenly Father to shield her daughter from all evil, and so trusting in God, and doing what she could herself to implant good morals and pure thoughts into that young

mind, Josie has come up to a nice young lady, whom any mother would be proud of."

CHAPTER IV

"Now, I will try and answer your questions, God helping me, about good, sweet, moral girls being seen in such places, and may our Heavenly Father bring the truth home to your hearts this afternoon, as He would have it, and make it a blessing to you both, for we have proved that professors of religion cannot take Jesus with them to that worldly place, and they surely do not work for the Master there."

"No, Auntie, I suppose not. Why, it would hardly do to talk Christianity to the one that invited us — it would be rather out of place, to say the least," laughed Ruthie.

"Well, then," resumed Auntie, "in that case professed Christians had better not go, if they cannot take their best friend, and speak about Him to their companions; true Christians will never go anywhere where they cannot take their Lord and Saviour with them, and, to my mind, a truly consecrated soul would never have a desire to participate in any such scenes.

"Now, to begin with your last question, Ruth, I would first ask, is the theatre a strictly moral place? Are actors and actresses, as a rule, strictly moral people? Are they moral in their dress, and in their conversation? Is there nothing impure in either their words or actions that would —"

"Oh, Aunty!"

"My child, we must look right into the face of this thing, so we may see both sides aright. I ask you again, can going to the theatre, balls, or any such place, elevate our morals, or is it the opposite? Can a pure woman or man go and sit through a whole performance and see or hear nothing to shock their sense of propriety? I tell you, Ruth, it can't be done."

"Oh, Mrs. Parker, I am really shocked. I did not know I was so wicked in wanting to go, but now I understand the feelings I had, and that is what put me in such a dilemma, and you were so good to explain to us. And why did I not know it before? I can see now many reasons why good, moral girls should not go."

"True, Josie; can purity look at impurity, and be in such close contact with

it, and not be contaminated by thought, if not in word or deed? Can pure eyes look upon impurity, and such disgraceful dancing as they often have in the ballet? One pure-minded young man said, when he saw the ballet dancers for the first time, 'What would my mother and sisters say to that?' and he coolly left the house, never to enter it again."

"You say, 'everybody goes,' yet, dear girls, there is a class who go there whom we all know full well, that are not moral — a licentious people, whose rude jokes and filthy jesting can often be heard by those pure, unsullied ears, and they would be shocked beyond measure should they hear it anywhere else. If we mix with this class, do we not put ourselves, at least, on a par with them — we certainly recog-

nize it by going. If we as good, nice, moral girls go, think of our influence to those who are not? It is dreadful!"

"How do you know all these things, Auntie?"

"Well, child, I was young once myself."

"And did you ever go to theatres? I never could have believed it of you."

"Yes, dear, I did go, and I was a good, moral girl, too."

"Of course, you were, Auntie."

"I went many times persuaded by loving friends, but I never received any good, on the contrary, found it rather demoralizing than otherwise. But I did come to see the error of my way, and the inconsistency of my going. Two young girls, dear friends, one of them a very near friend

of mine, so much liked to go that they became acquainted with one of the actors. They were both good girls at the start, of good parentage. One escaped; the other fell. She joined the ballet corps; sickness and disease came upon her, and she fell into an early grave. She went behind the foot-lights as a ballet dancer — she loved to go so well, and was so infatuated, but destruction was before her. Oh, girls, if such corruption can be seen outside of the foot-lights, what must it be behind the scenes? Some of the same people that would sit and see such obscene actions, and hear such licentious talk as is often heard in the theatre, would be horrified to hear it elsewhere."

"Well, Auntie, I do thank you so much. I know you are right about the

theatres, and I never want to go again, and, if my influence is anything, it shall not be on the side of wrong."

"But, Oh, Mrs. Parker," said Josie, "you see how I felt it all, and did not know what it meant, but it was the natural shrinking from evil."

"Yes, dear, and the good Lord Himself held you by your mother's prayers, and though you made a mistake, He would not let the enemy of your soul triumph, but brought you into the light of His Holy Spirit. Oh! if Christians would pray more, much evil would be averted, and their dear ones be saved in Christ."

"Well, I never had any desire for dancing, and I am glad now Mamma would never permit me," explained Josie.

" What, dancing! you surely would not condemn that, Auntie. What would you have a young lady do? " said Ruth?

" Not dancing in itself do I condemn, but Oh, it has led so many to destruction. Look into the Woman's Penitentiary to-day, into any number of the cells there, and see the human wrecks to be found. Missionaries and Evangelists can tell us some sad, truthful stories about their first wrong steps in the nice Dancing Academy and fashionable balls, where only the nicest, purest young girls can be admitted. But they do not look up young men's characters quite so sharply — it is not so essential to know about their purity. When I get to thinking of these things I want to exclaim to every mother: ' Shield your innocent lamb from the dance as well

as the theatre.' But good, pure, moral young men, and fresh, pure, unsullied school girls, do you think it is the best place to educate them in? Many a fair flower has taken the downward path to destruction by going to a theatre, and learning to be fashionable. Many a brave young man, with the best of morals, has been led into impurity and crime by seeing the ballet dancer."

"But we, Auntie —"

"Yes, I know you might not be tempted to any such thing; still, you admit if you were there you would have to see it. Now, did not those young men and maidens think the same before they fell? But the tempter hurled them to the lowest depths."

" Oh, Auntie, I will never go again, and I will use my influence against it all the days of my life. I know this is the turning point in my life, for many times when I have wanted to become a Christian the tempter would come in, in the shape of a ball or theatre, and I am glad now I am going to the Christian Endeavor to-night, and I know I shall enjoy it. And as I helped to get dear little Josie into this dilemma, I will do my best to get her out of it by going right down to Ella's, and tell her we have been behind the scenes of the theatre this afternoon. And Josie has come to the conclusion she had rather go with me to the Christian Endeavor."

" Oh, you dear, dear Ruthie! "

" Come along, Jo — I told you I would get you out or perish in the attempt." For

Ruth only had to see the right to take a bold stand.

"Good-bye, Auntie."

"Good-bye, dear girls, until we meet again to-night."

"Now, if we get home from Ella's in time, perhaps Josie's mother will go with us. Won't that be nice, Auntie?" and a glad assent was given, so away they ran as fast as they could go, with light and happy hearts.

CHAPTER V

Ella had not yet returned, so only Mrs. Goodwin had to be confronted, but Ruth was spokesman, and so she hurriedly said:

"We stayed so long at Aunt Parker's that Josie has not been home yet, but she has concluded she had rather go with me. We are all going together to hear them talk about the poor children I was telling Ella about this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Goodwin," cried honest Josie, "I did not consider it as I ought to, and I had rather go to the meeting. And I am going to give my five dollars Mamma gave me yesterday to buy gloves with, to the little heathen that Ruth told about."

"And I will put in my ten dollars," said Ruth, "that I had saved up for

knick-knacks, which I can do very well without; I will give it as a thank offering." And only the Lord and Josie knew what she meant, for Ruth felt they had both had a narrow escape.

"You are dear, good girls," exclaimed Mrs. Goodwin. "I feel Ella will be disappointed, but I wish she was more like you. She is a dear, dear precious daughter, but I would much rather have both of my children going to the prayer-meeting than to the theatre. But Ella was so bright and happy, I did not have courage to persuade her from it."

Oh, mother, mother, when will you have the courage to stop your erring child? When she gets past your help? Then it will be too late. There may come no harm to your darlings, but many mothers'

hearts yet will be broken for upholding those sinful pleasures, and only God knows whether you will be among the number.

" But it is a great pity that Mrs. Goodwin is so easy. She really feels as if it was wrong to let Ella go," said Ruth, as they took their homeward journey.

" Yes, indeed, and she has not the courage to tell her right from wrong. If that had been the case with Mrs. Parker we should not be the happy girls we are tonight, Ruthie. I do hope I will never be afraid to proclaim the truth. I know you never will, for you are always so courageous."

" Thank you, dear, for the compliment, but I guess some one else I know of would

never hold back when it was right for her to speak, at least, I have always found it so."

"Now, let's stop complimenting each other, and see what can be done for poor Ella. My heart aches for her."

"Oh, dear Josie, that has troubled me ever since I said I would not go again, because I saw the wickedness of what might come of upholding these pleasures. I mean to ask Mamma to-night about Ella, and have a long talk with her — I know she will help me."

"That is just what I was going to do when I went home. I know my mother could help us, for she dearly loves Ella. But here are the cross-roads, and we must part for a while. Good-bye, until to-night."

And the two friends embraced each other lovingly and separated, one to go to a grand house in Egleston Square, and the other to Widow Freeman's residence on Baker Street.

CHAPTER VI

" Oh, dear, it seems as if everything went wrong to-day. How very hateful everything does turn out."

" Why, Ella," exclaimed her mother, " I never saw you so cross before. What is the trouble, darling? I thought you had such enjoyment last night you would be exceptionally nice to-day, but my dear child, you have n't seemed like yourself at all. Does your head ache, dear? "

" Oh, yes, but that is n't all."

" Well, Ella," said Mr. Goodwin, as he was hanging up his hat and coat in the hall, " your manner is not as agreeable as usual — what has happened? "

" Oh, Pa, I really don't know." And Ella burst into a flood of tears. " I am

such a silly girl — I am so sorry I made you all feel bad."

"Well, I guess I will not take you to the theatre again, Ella, if we are going to be treated to this kind of a performance," said Bertie.

"Come right here, child," said Mr. Goodwin, for he was very much concerned about his daughter, as this was something unusual for Ella, who always had such a sunny disposition. "Tell your father, pet, what the trouble is, quickly."

"Well, Ella, did have a rough old time of it — "

"My son, do not use such language before me, but if there is anything to tell I will hear it now, as your sister is unable to talk on account of her suffering at the present time," for she was weeping bitterly.

" Well, father, in the first place she did not enjoy the theatre — she did n't have a bit good time, but I guess she was a little disappointed about that little Josie Freeman not going with us, and it seemed as if everything went wrong with her, and the play was not as good as usual. Then when we were coming out one of the loafers stepped on her handsome new dress (which was made for the last concert), and tore quite a lot of the nice fringe; then he insulted her by smiling into her face, for which I wanted to knock him down, father, and should have done so if it had not been for two friends whom you are acquainted with, Pa, — they were close beside us, though unobserved at that time, but if ever I see him alone I will teach him not to insult my sister. But

poor Ella, she got so frightened. These friends closed right around us, so I had no chance, and Ella was afraid he would remember me and hurt me some time, because he was such a desperate looking fellow — as far as looks went, think he would have been glad to have finished me. But I was not at all afraid of him — should have knocked him down, if I had had the chance, for insulting any lady I was with, let alone my dear sister."

"Oh, my son, my son," cried Mrs. Goodwin, "how can you talk so? What shall I do, to hear my boy speak in such terms as that — why he might have killed you!"

"Now, mother," said Mr. Goodwin, "I think we have had explanation enough for the present. Bertie is all right; Ella is all

right — nobody hurt, and the man can do no more harm. You say it was two of my old friends. We will discuss that later on, my son. I am very thankful to them for helping my boy and girl, you may be sure, and everything has turned out all right — she is in her father's arms — no one can hurt her. Now, give me a kiss, pet, and we will go to supper, for the biscuits are getting cold, and Sarah Ann will scowl and think they are not appreciated."

Mrs. Goodwin, just before tea was over, said, " Sarah Ann was at the Missionary Meeting last night — she and Ella have had quite a confidential chat about it. Have you heard, Bertie, that Ella's friend, Ruth, was converted last night, or stood up for prayers, at least."

" Mother, don't — "

" Why, what is the matter, Ella," cried Bertie, " we are not going to have another circus, are we? "

" That will do, Bertie," said his father, and the meal was finished almost in silence. But at the close, as he took up his hat to go out, he kissed his sister tenderly, and said, " Never mind, Ella, perhaps it will be me next that will stand for prayers, because I do admire Ruthie, you know, and I do believe her to be a very sincere girl. But you don't look pleased — you look as though all your friends had forsaken you."

To tell the truth, Ella was vexed with Ruth. And now to hear Bertie talk that way was almost too much to bear. What a day she had of it! First, that terrible, stinging headache when she got up — then

that horrid prayer-meeting affair that Sarah Ann had been delighted to talk about — her best friend had left her, and even drawn Josie away with her, and now Bertie. All things seemed to conspire against her, and she actually frowned, instead of the bright smile that usually came to her face, as she replied, " So I suppose I have lost my brother, too."

" Oh, Ella, why should you say ' lost? ' I thought, I thought, Sis, you loved me so you would be glad to know it. I have been wanting to talk to you for some time about this, but I find no sympathy, so I don't understand." And Bertie went away grieved.

" Oh, dear, what have I done? What shall I do? What terrible mistakes I always get into! Will this wretched,

wretched day never end? And if it does, things will be just the same to-morrow. I have lost all my best school friends, and have wounded my poor, dear, darling brother's feelings. I shall never forget that sorrowful look he gave me, to my dying day." And away she went to her room as speedily as possible, without saying "good-night" to Mamma. And this talk with Bertie had been carried on in an undertone, so her father had not noticed, as he had been reading his evening paper.

She had not been gone many minutes when her mother missed her, and felt very much troubled, and she silently followed her daughter to her room. As she gave a gentle rap on the door she listened a moment, but she could only hear sobs; she would not intrude, so she waited for an

answer, as she softly called her daughter's name.

Mrs. Goodwin had felt the effects of the prayer-meeting strangely since morning. It seemed as though Ruth's gentle spirit, and Josie's tender manner was ever before her. She was not one mite surprised when she heard of Ruth's leadings, and ever since they went away the night before she had somehow seen her duty clearer to her own daughter, and had felt the gentle influence of the Holy Spirit all that day, and was glad when an opportunity offered to comfort her daughter. And, "Oh, Heavenly Father," she breathed in prayer, "Help me to give her Thy words of comfort wherewith I have been comforted," and she felt the peace of God upon her, and knew she had her answer.

And as she waited for her child to speak her sobs grew loud and louder, and the dear mother felt she must enter. She silently took Ella in her arms, and God held them both, for a time, until her sobs grew fainter, and she became somewhat calmed. The storm for a while had swept away, for was she not safe in her mother's arms, and somehow she felt the dear mother's prayers?

CHAPTER VII

"Now, Ella, dear, do you feel like talking a little?" She nestled close to her mother and pressed her hand, which signified her willingness to hear her mother talk.

"Does your head ache much now, dear?"

"No, Mamma, it does n't ache at all now. But, Oh, I have been so wicked."

"Well, dear, are you sorry for it?"

"Oh! yes, Mamma."

"Well, then, let us tell Jesus all about it. I have been praying for you, dear, ever since I knew you were in trouble. I asked Him to take away that terrible sick headache of yours, and make it all well, so we could have a little talk about Himself.

I asked Him while I had you in my arms, darling, and He has sweetly answered, dear. Jesus says, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.'" — Jas. 5.15.

But, Oh, mother, I have been so wicked! Can God really answer prayer for me? But I want to tell you all about it."

"Yes, dear, for God loves you; He says so in His Word: 'Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow.' — Isa. 1:18. And again, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' — Matt. 11:28. And He also says (and you have shown your willingness to do it, Ella), and that is, 'Confess your faults one to another, that ye may be healed.'" — Jas. 5:16.

Ella knew that God would answer her mother's prayers; she could believe that He loved her; but she had been so wicked, and she could not quite forgive Ruth for leaving her for those heathen. And then, had she not been the means of her saying wrong things to Bertie, and making her behave rudely to him?

So Ella opened her heart to her mother, and told her all her fears and trials, and she, strengthened by the Lord for the blessed light which He had given her through Ella, about her dear Bertie having a desire to be a Christian, fell upon her knees in thankfulness to Him who was working and undertaking in her behalf, because timid as she was, she had made up her mind to do her best to bring Ella to His feet that evening, and that she would

not spare herself in any way, but she would hold up Jesus to the best of her ability to the dear girl who was dying of sin and self.

Oh! how these "everlasting arms" were holding her up just now! Oh, the sweetness of prayer — how Jesus answers believing prayer! For Josie and Ruth's mother, and Aunt Abbie, when they heard the girls tell about dear Mrs. Goodwin's weakness in spiritual matters, went into the little ante-room before meeting, and poured out their hearts to God in prayer, that He would move mightily that night for the dear mother, and save Ella at any cost. And fervent prayers went up for the whole Goodwin family.

So we see the mighty workings of God in answer to their prayer. For God says:

" If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven "; and again, " Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." — Matt. 18:19-20.

Christians, take courage, and pray for your dear ones that God will answer, for His promises are sure; they are " yea and amen " to His children. And Mrs. Goodwin had prayed long and earnestly for her dear boy and girl, as she had been a Christian many years, though a very weak one at times. She had not lived up to all her privileges. But the blessing of God had come to her to-night through her dear boy.

And strengthened by believing prayer (though she knew it not), by those dear

ones who had prayed for her, she had made a new and thorough consecration to the Lord Jesus that she would be a better and stronger Christian than ever before, and take new life and strength from Himself. And so she made a definite surrender of herself to Him who was all in all, and wherein she thought she could talk to Ella, she could only pray. But it was the Holy Ghost prayer, and God was pleased to answer.

Oh, mothers, stand firm for God! "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." And so the dear woman stayed with her daughter till about the hour of midnight. But she had led her safely to Jesus, and the angels were singing and rejoicing over one more sinner that had repented, and found peace through the blood of the Lamb.

She had sweetly kissed Ella good-night, and returning through the hall, she breathed a silent prayer as she stood by her son's room, for the mercy of God that had rested upon her household that day. Never before had she been so happy; there was so much for her to do for Jesus. But she was in the Almighty arms of God, and she had not to work alone. She had worked *for* the Lord many years, but now she was working *with* Him, and He could go before, and " make the crooked places straight."

And as she entered her room she found her dear companion sleeping. She quietly knelt by the bedside, and prayed to God for her dear husband, for she knew he was a Christian, but he had grown luke-warm toward his Maker, through the care and

perplexities of a prosperous business life, so she now prayed fervently for the dear one, that God would bring him back into the fold, and help him to surrender all to Jesus. And she promised her Master that night she would do all in her power to help get him there by believing God would answer her prayer, for she felt the glory of the Lord had risen upon her. God had said she and her house should be saved, and she believed it, and she retired, quietly resting on His Word.

CHAPTER VIII

Six whole months had intervened since the preceding chapter. We left the Goodwin family with such happy results, and we find Ella wending her way, with a happy, peaceful smile resting on her face, toward the house of her friend Ruth. She had been invited by Mrs. Carleton, Ruthie's mother, to spend the afternoon with her, and visit a sick woman, so she had come laden with goodies. What a contrast from the last time we saw her talking with her friends! She was indeed a different girl. With a happy smile she ran up the steps and rang the bell, and in a few seconds was greeted warmly by Ruth and her mother, and a nice little surprise awaited her on her entrance. She

found Josie and Aunt Abbie Parker had called. Oh, how pleasant it seemed, and how she rattled on, the same Ella, only a great deal nicer, so Josie said.

But Aunt Parker was only going to stay a little while, so they must make the most of their time.

" Dear girls," said Aunt Parker, " what sweet changes the dear Lord has brought about in you in these few months past! Here I find you going to visit the sick and poor, laden with good things for their comfort, and I hear," said she, smiling, " that Ella is actually going to have a sewing bee at her house next Wednesday, to make up clothing for those destitute children that she used to dread to hear so much about, and that she really enjoys it, and not only that, she is trying to get

every one interested in the work; in fact, she has become a real Home Missionary, and Josie, too, is making a sprightly little worker for the Lord.

"Is it true, Josie, what I hear about that Foreign Missionary?" But it called such a blush to Josie's face, she only said, "Never mind, Josie. I only heard he had become intensely interested in a certain little girl of our acquaintance, and I was so delighted. But I will not be anxious, as I presume I shall know all the particulars in good time."

"Don't blush so, Josie," cried Ruth.

"I should think you had better stop," said Ella, "unless you want that poor child to run away. Well, I did n't know we were coming here to talk about these things — let's change the subject," cried

Ella. She was very much afraid they would speak about the minister who went home with her from prayer-meeting the other night.

"You have n't told us how your mother is, Ella," said Mrs. Carleton, as she entered the room; "we expected her with you."

"Mamma is very well, thank you — she has callers from the country, a sick friend and wife. Mamma was talking to them of the love of Jesus, and the sick man was quite interested about her healing last week. You have heard about it, have n't you, Mrs. Parker? She was very sick one night with a terrible pneumonia cold; could not get her breath, coughed all night, and would not have lived, for it was a fight for life every moment; but a dear

child of God, full of faith in God's promises, prayed for her and she was healed right away." "These signs shall follow them that believe — they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."— Mark 17:18.

"Oh, how sweet, how glorious! Precious Jesus!" said Mrs. Carleton.

"Blessed Holy Saviour," said Aunt Parker, "just like Him — He will always answer our cry; we only have to believe He hears us to know we have the answer. Oh, how many times the dear Lord has healed my sick body, and made it well, in answer to my own prayers! Bless God for such a Saviour! How He blessed you, Ella, in healing your dear mother!"

"Yes, indeed; and it has wonderfully strengthened my faith. I know He can

do all things, and will for us, if we only trust Him to do so. I know I love Him better every day I live, and I do want my dear brother to find Christ," and Ella could say no more.

"But believing prayer will bring him all right," said Josie.

"Yes, dear, and I am sure we will all hold Bertie up to Him in the arms of our faith, won't we, Ruth?" said Mrs. Carleton.

"Yes, indeed," said Ruth, for it was her turn to blush now. But Ella put her arms round her, and gave her such a dear, sisterly kiss that all were satisfied to let God work, knowing it would all come out for His honor and glory.

"Well, I must be going, dear ones," said Mrs. Parker.

"Now be sure and come next Wednesday," said Ella. "Don't disappoint us, will you, Mrs. Parker, for Mamma is anxious to see you?"

"I will come and be glad to, the Lord willing," for she never committed herself, only as she left it with the Lord.

"Are you going to send any money beside the clothing?"

"I had not thought of it," said Ella.

"I had," said Josie, "but did not know whether to give it at that time or wait till some evening meeting at our house."

"Why, that is something new, Josie," said Aunt Abbie, as she looked lovingly at Josie.

"Well, two or three friends spoke to us about it, and Mamma and I talked it over, and Mr. Spencer thought it would be very

nice to hold a meeting there before he went away, and I thought I would do what I could to raise funds for the children."

" Why, Josie, what a worker you are," said Ella, " and no one would suspect it of you! I would n't wonder if you have got a lot of money started now without telling us a word of it."

" Yes, and got ahead of us all," cried Ruth.

" But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," laughed Josie, " but I have started a little, and am in hopes to have more."

" Well, I am glad I spoke — I will give you fifteen dollars; perhaps that will help you some," said Aunt Abbie.

" Indeed it will, and I shall be real glad of it."

"I know you will do real well, Josie, for every one will help you; I am sure it could not be a better cause. Well, I really must go now. Good-bye, and God bless you all."

"But, Oh, I should be so pleased to have you stay to tea to-night, Mrs. Parker, could n't you, Josie, dear?"

"Not to-night, dear, some other time, but we will come to the sewing bee, if possible, next Wednesday, and mother will be delighted to come, too. Good-bye." And so they parted.

CHAPTER IX

"Now, we must go to see Mrs. Nelson right away, girls, or she may think we are not coming. Poor woman, she is so distressed, and has been sick so long — we must cheer her up as much as we can. She has such a large family of children, too."

"She has no husband, I believe you said?"

"No, she is a widow with five small children, and has a very hard time, for she has been sick a long while."

"But we will be so glad to help her, won't we, Ruth?" said Ella, now aroused to her duty, and fully interested.

They found Mrs. Nelson quite pleased to see them. She was a frank, good-natured, and a very hard working woman

before she was taken sick, honest and upright in character, and one who would do all she could to help herself, so it had come very hard on her and the little ones when sickness had come, to be obliged to accept charity.

Her husband had been taken from her four years previous, and she had done nobly in supporting her children, until this last year, when sickness had overthrown her labors, so she had become quite discouraged. But Jesus says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And in her sickness, sorrow and distress she had turned to Him for that sweet rest and comfort of which she had read, and God had sent these kind friends, for she as yet understood but very little about the

mercies God had for her. She was willing to learn of Him, and was eagerly seeking, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and our Lord says, "They shall be filled."

Although she had five children she was comparatively a young woman, and our Ella took quite a fancy to her. Ruth and Ella both were very fond of singing, and as they neared the door they heard her singing a sweet lullaby to her youngest child, in such a beautiful, clear voice that she had quite taken Ella's heart by storm. After they had talked a while, Ella said:

"We heard you singing when we came in, did we not?"

"Oh, I was only trying to get Jennie to sleep."

"But it was a beautiful song," cried

Ruth, for she did love music so, " and you did sing it lovely."

Poor Mrs. Nelson only blushed at the compliment, and said: " I used to sing once, but have only sang cradle songs of late years."

" Oh, I knew the voice was a trained one, and I would n't mind hearing the cradle song again."

" Now, Ella," said Ruth, " I know Mrs. Nelson is very fond of music, and would appreciate a song from Miss Ella Goodwin, and I have no doubt it would cheer her immensely."

" Oh! " cried Mrs. Nelson, " if you only would. Do, please, sing for me — I think I would never be weary again if I could hear some one sing as — (and she looked very lovingly at Mrs. Carleton) — the

friend that you brought with you one day."

"Yes, dear, I remember, and you know Jesus loves to hear singing as much as prayer, for He speaks so much about it in His Word. Ella, dear, sing 'Divine Love," won't you, please?"

"Yes, Ella, I do love that hymn so much," assented Ruth, and Ella wishing to do something for the Master, to cheer the poor, sorrowing heart, began in low, tremulous tones at first, but as she became lost in her Saviour's love the tones grew fuller, richer and more heavenly, until not a trace of Ella was found, but Christ, only Christ, was to be seen and heard.

DIVINE LOVE.

How precious is Jesus, the great King above,
How He blesses His children with whispers of love,
How gently He leads when their faltering steps
Forget the right pathway to His heavenly rest.

Chorus: O Saviour divine,
All Thy promises mine!
My soul waiteth on Thee,
I shall ever live,
For trusting my Lord and abiding in Him
The treasures of His kingdom to me He will give.

How great is His love to the sinner as well,
He left His home in glory and died on the cross
That they might be free from destruction and hell,
For He came to seek and save the loss.

O sinner, believe Him and flee while you may
To the arms of your Saviour, who was raised the third day
To live evermore, make intercession for you;
He's the precious truth, the life, the way.

Then ask and receive, that your joy may be full,
O believe it, dear ones, it is God's holy word,
It was written for you, take it then and rejoice
That the great King of glory hath made you His choice.

Then your soul shall be washed and made whiter than snow
In the blood of the Lord, and the Holy Ghost power
Fill body and soul for the glory of God,
And His indwelling spirit be thine every hour.

When she had ceased her song it was some time before a word was spoken. At last Ella broke the silence and said: "I love that hymn because the Holy Ghost is in it."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Nelson, "I could feel Christ in it; I don't think I could ever forget it, and with the help of God I will live nearer to Him than ever before."

"Well, some time I will sing more for you," said Ella, for she could see the dear woman had been strengthened, and she fully intended to help her all she could.

"Now, Ruthie, sing one," said Mrs. Carleton, "and then we will have a word of prayer, and go, for there is another dear one I would like to call on before we return home."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," cried the eldest of Mrs. Nelson's family, a bright little girl of eleven years, for she had inherited her mother's love for music, and so Ruthie began without further delay, and sang in her clear soprano:

MY SAVIOUR AND I.

Blessed be our Lord and Saviour,
I will praise His Holy name;
He has washed me in the fountain,
Made me pure and clean within.

Yes! it was His blood that cleansed me
And freed me from all stain,
It will bring me to that blessed haven,
Where I shall with Him reign.

Joy! O joy! and bliss forever,
I surely shall see His face,
For He calls me "His beloved"
And imparts to me His grace.

He lets me walk in His own strength,
He heals my every pain,
And I will ever while I live
Sing praises to His name.

When I send in my petitions
O how quick He answers me;
The heavenly Bridegroom whispers,
" I reveal myself to thee."

Tenderly and close He holds me
To His loving heart.
" Fear thou not," He gently whispers,
" My love from thee shall not depart."

She certainly was repaid for singing, for the children had all gathered around her lovingly, and expressed their pleasure by drinking in every word, if you could judge by bright eyes and wide open mouths. Truly, as she sat and gazed at Mrs. Nelson for a moment she felt she would be willing to do almost anything for her Saviour, to bring such a sweet look of peace and happiness as was depicted on her face at that time.

" Oh! how I do thank you all so much," she said, while tears of joy were glistening in her eyes.

"Now, let us have a word from Himself," said Mrs. Carleton, and she read from the fourteenth of John, commencing with: "Let not your heart be troubled," and when she had finished that beautiful chapter, she asked all the dear ones to kneel, and she poured her heart out in prayer to God for that suffering family, and we know He answered prayer. Ruth and Ella both prayed to Jesus for the dear ones God had allowed them to comfort.

CHAPTER X

They next visited two sisters, one of whom was very sick with a trouble far beyond the reach of earthly help. She had just come from the Hospital — had been there many times, but found no permanent relief, and dear Mrs. Carleton talked of Christ's healing power to her, and as she listened she seemed somewhat calmed, and said: "Oh, do you believe that I might touch the hem of His garment and be healed! If I could only believe His promises so I might be well. She heaved a sigh so heart-rending, Ella could stand it no longer, almost feeling as badly as the poor sick woman herself, but she began to pray in silence to her Saviour.

"Well, dear sister, there is nothing too hard for our Lord to do. He says: 'Is my hand shortened that it cannot save?'

Oh, no. He says: ' If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.' — John 15:7. So you see, dear sister, Jesus is quite willing to hear and answer your prayers," said Mrs. Carleton.

" Oh, yes, He would do so for you, I have no doubt, but I am afraid He would not answer for me."

" Well, dear, He says if we ask in faith He will answer."

" Oh, dear, I could never ask in faith."

" Well, then, it would be ' according to your faith.' God says if we shall ask anything in His will He will hear and answer."

" Oh! perhaps it would not be in His will to make me well."

" Are you a Christian, my sister? "

" Yes, I believe I am."

" Well, then, you certainly have a right to the promises, for ' Himself took our infirmities and bare our sickness.' So if we abide in Him, and ask Him and trust Him, believing, He says, " Yes," He will heal us, and give of His own health and strength. It is surely done, and we are healed by His own divine power. And we also at the same time receive a special spiritual blessing. I never knew any one to be healed by divine power who did not receive a great spiritual blessing at the same time of healing."

" But could n't you ask the Lord to heal me without my faith? "

" No, because you are a Child of God, and if you could not believe God was going to answer, how could I pray in faith

for you? Why, the dear Lord would not grant such a petition as that. He says we must believe; we get nothing on any other ground. He says, 'Ask,' but we must believe. His Word is 'Yea and amen' to us, just as He says, or we get no answer. Why, sister, how could I pray? I should have to say: 'Lord, she does not believe You — she says so — will You heal her?' No, He says He answers believing prayer, not the prayer of unbelief."

"Oh! I am so glad you came to see me, and I do want you to pray for me, sister. Won't you ask the dear Lord to give me His own faith, that I may take hold of His precious promise for myself, and be healed for Himself, that I, too, may be used for Him?"

"Yes, I will, and He will answer, for

He heals for His own honor and glory, and He has heard your cry, and we will remember you, dear, and ask the Father for you. Don't you know, He says in His Word: 'Serve the Lord your God, and I will take sickness away from the midst of you.' — Exod. 23:25. 'Let us return unto the Lord and He will heal us.' — Hos. 6:1. 'I will restore health unto thee.' —Jer. 30:17, and again: 'I have heard thy prayers; I have seen thy tears; I will heal thee.' — 2 Kings 20:5. 'Thy health shall spring forth speedily.' — Isa. 58:8. 'He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them.' — Luke 4:40. 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins they shall be forgiven him.' " — James 5:15.

"Well, I can't understand, if God is as good as you say He is, Mrs. Carleton, why He should let my sister who has always professed to love Him, and been His child so long, be sick like this. She is as good a Christian as anybody I know," said Mrs. Pine.

"Oh! sister," exclaimed Mrs. Munroe, "don't speak so. He knows best, and it must be right somehow, or He never would permit it. I do know I have been nearer Him since I was sick — perhaps He could not get me close to Him any other way."

"Well, it seems to me a pretty kind of love to His child; anyhow, it don't seem very merciful to me."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Pine, if you knew the dear Lord you could not speak so, or murmur at His doings," and Ruth who had

not spoken before, said: " The dear Lord had a wise purpose in it all."

" Yes," said Ella, " all things work together for good to them that love God." — Romans 8:20.

Mrs. Carleton answered by singing in clear, sweet, low tones, one of William Cowper's songs:

" God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
  And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  With blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour —
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain —
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain."

"Oh! how sweet and how true," said Mrs. Monroe, with tear-stained eyes. "I know He has permitted it for a wise purpose, and it must be for some teaching for me, and I believe now it is His will to heal me, if I could only believe enough to take this divine healing from His dear hand."

"Yes, dear, 'If thou can'st believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' — Mark 9:23. So you see, dear, you only have to believe Jesus, for the work has already been done for you on the cross. Our dear Saviour paid the debt and set

free, whosoever would believe on Him and obey Him."

"Well, now, we will have a word of prayer, but first, dear Mrs. Pine, don't you want to give your heart to Jesus this afternoon? Perhaps He is just waiting for you to give up to Him before He heals your dear sister."

"You don't think I stand in her way, do you?" said Mrs. Pine. "I have tried many times, but it never seemed to do any good."

"Have you ever made a definite surrender? Have you ever asked the Lord to forgive your sins, and wash you in the blood? And have you ever given yourself wholly to Him, and believed He took you for time and eternity?"

"Well, I can't say I believed as much

as that, or I should not have stood outside the gate so long, I suppose. But I would love to be a Christian, if I could be a good, true one, but I see so many who profess, but no one would ever call them Christians."

"Well, dear, you have fallen into the common error of watching other people — you must not follow others — Jesus only is our pattern — only Jesus. If we get our eyes on people we shall always go wrong. It is Christ we are to look at."

"I have a little tract with me on conversion. Would you like it? Would you read it?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"It is, 'Are you satisfied?'"

"No, I am not satisfied."

"Well, would you like to have us pray

for you that the dear Lord will just now make you His own? Are you willing to give yourself to Him just now, and give up to Him forever, and trust Him to cleanse you from all the stain of sin?"

While Mrs. Carleton talked, Mrs. Monroe, Ruth and Ella were praying to the dear Lord for that soul, that God would hear and answer for her. Oh, how earnestly they prayed, and the dear Lord did reward them, for presently she sobbingly said, "Oh! I am so tired of myself, I do want to do right; I do give myself. Oh, do pray for me," and she broke down completely.

"Thank God, thank God," cried the dear ones in concert, and dear Mrs. Carleton gently led the poor heart-burdened woman to Christ, and they all prayed for her, and the dear sick one also.

Then what peaceful rest was found! What joy! Oh! what a blessed time the two girls had.

CHAPTER XI

"It pays to be a Christian," said Ella, on their way home.

"Yes, indeed," said Ruth. "What happiness, mother, to see that dear one come to Christ, and how Jesus always answers your prayers."

"Not mine alone, dear. I felt the prayers of both you girls, as well as Mrs. Monroe's, and I know Jesus did hear. Truly, God's Holy Spirit was poured out upon us this afternoon, and it was a good token to us for Mrs. Monroe. I believe the dear Lord will heal her in answer to prayer. We will hold her in prayer, and ask Aunt Abbie to join us. Oh! what a blessed life to lead."

"Do you go every day to visit, Mrs. Carleton?"

"No, dear, not every day, but mostly every day, when He does not send some one to me at home, or lead me otherwise. I want to 'sow beside all waters,' you know."

"I think I would like to go every day," said Ella.

"How much more my life is to me now than when I was going to dances and theatres," said Ruth.

"I know Josie loves to visit. She has been quite a number of times with sister Abbie and her mother. But here we are at home now — we are just in time for tea. We did stay a little late at Mrs. Monroe's," said Mrs. Carleton.

"Oh, never mind — I would be willing to go without tea for the blessings received, would n't you, Ruth?"

"Yes, indeed, but I guess it is not necessary, for we have still twenty minutes before it is ready, and we can get nicely rested before then, and Nelly will not have to wait tea for us either."

"She is a Christian, is she not, Ruth?"

"Oh, yes; mother would not love to have a girl that was not. She came from a family of unbelievers, you know, but she has found the Saviour very dear to her since she came to us. She is a splendid girl — we really could not part with her."

"There is the bell. Now we can do full justice to Nelly's supper, I know, for I am real hungry — the walk has given me quite an appetite," said Mrs. Carleton, "and I hope you girls will follow my example and eat a good, hearty meal, for I know dear Nelly has something nice for us; she always does have."

And truly everything did look so inviting — fresh warm tea rolls so snowy white, with sweet yellow butter, and Oh, such rare peaches, served with cream and sugar was enough to do one good, and when the cake was passed to Ella she felt almost like refusing, for she had eaten so many of the snowy biscuits, but Ruth said Nelly would feel bad to have any one slight her cake, for it was a new receipt of her mother's, and, of course, it was nice, so they all partook of the rich dainty, and found it excellent.

After tea, Ruth sang some favorite hymns, with guitar accompaniment, while in her turn, Ella played the piano, and sang some of her beautiful pieces. Mrs. Carleton, too, played upon the autoharp, and sang " Nearer, My God, to Thee ";

then she asked the two girls and Ellen to join her in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Then she took down the family Bible, and was just about to read a portion of the Scripture, when the door bell rang, and Bertie and his mother called for Ella.

"Oh! how nice — I did not expect you were coming for me, so I was going early — why did you not come before?" said Ella.

"We had callers, and had to wait until they went," laughed Bertie, thereby showing his impatience to get over to see Ruth.

Ella laughed merrily, and Mrs. Carleton said it was a pity he could not have come before, to join in the singing, for they had had such a nice concert.

"No one can be more sorry than my-

self," said he, looking at Ruth as he spoke, as though no one but her need be addressed — " in fact, I don't think he saw any one else," said Ella, aside to Mrs. Carleton.

" We were just about to read in the Word, Bertie, when you came in, but if you and the girls will sing a piece together we will have our reading afterwards."

So Ruth and Ella were glad to sing another hymn. Bertie's voice did blend so well with Ruth's clear soprano, and Ella would accommodate to-night and sing alto, so there was a trio.

" Now, Ella, I feel like asking you to sing that good old hymn, ' Just as I Am '; it has been in my mind ever since I came home. Oh! I do love that so," said dear Mrs. Carleton, ever mindful of the Spirit, and Ella was ready to obey.

Surely they were all praying for Bertie while they were singing.

"Oh! what a hymn, when it is sung in the spirit, and certainly it was to-night," Ella.

"Now," said Mrs. Carleton, "I am going to ask dear Ella to play it again, and all sing it together this time, Ellen as well as the rest."

Bertie's eyes were moist as they ended the grand old hymn. No comment was made, and as he took a seat between Ruth and Mrs. Carleton all felt it would not be long before he found the Saviour dear to his heart.

Mrs. Carleton read the ninety-first psalm, and she and Mrs. Goodwin talked upon it, and dear Mrs. Carleton told the afternoon's experience. All felt the

power of the Spirit, and after prayer, the Goodwins bade their dear friends good-night, and started on their homeward way, each well pleased with their pleasant visit.

CHAPTER XII

Bertie did not speak until they were most half way home; then, abruptly said, "Ella, it won't do for me to go to the Carletons any more. I can't stand it."

"Why, what is the matter? Don't they treat you well?"

"Yes, too well."

"I can't see that yet — my brother can't be treated too well."

"Pshaw, Sis, I tell you, I am a hypocrite."

"A what?" said the frightened girl.

"Yes, a deep, double-dyed hypocrite, and I tell you, I will not go there any more, at present any way."

Silence followed this remark, for poor

Ella did not know just what to say. Soon her brother continued, as though she knew his every thought: "Sis, you know she is a Christian; I am not, and I am not good enough to go there, and I will not pretend I am."

"Oh, dear, dear brother, is that what you mean? Oh! why can't you be a child of God? Did you not tell me once — " and she lost her courage and stopped. But Bertie was confused, and so did not notice her, and she gained fresh courage, and said, "Oh, Bertie, it is my greatest desire now, for I always felt bad for standing in your way that night. Oh! my brother, it is so easy to give yourself to Him, and He is so ready and willing to take you into His dear, loving arms. Oh! let me who loves you more than any one ever could,

let me help you to find Him, because you could find Him so much easier than I did. I was so wicked and rebellious, but, Oh, Bertie, you never was so."

"Now, stop, dear, this is all nonsense; you don't think for one minute I would do that now, do you? Why, she would think I did it just to get into her good graces. No, I cannot; I am not good enough. I tell you that ends it."

"Oh, my brother, Jesus can make you good enough for any one, and to feel your need is surely conviction enough. Would you grieve Ruthie that way?"

"See here, Ella, don't speak that way to me," said Bertie, in a low tone (for their mother was behind them — she wanted to walk slowly, so she had told the children to go on, for the dear mother

dearly loved to see them together; "they loved each other so," she said). "You know she don't care enough for me to feel grieved if I leave her alone. She is a good girl, and always was, but she is a Christian now, and would think it all right if — if I did keep away. She will in time, I suppose, marry some minister or bishop," said he, with a hurried voice, as though it was a very painful subject to think about, and harder still to be uttered.

But Ella was a woman, and a keen one, and she could see clearer than he could. But was it right to tell him? Was n't Ruth her dearest friend? Yes, but was not Bertie her dear, dear brother, and was n't he suffering? If he had not been she would have laughed to see him make such a big mistake that any one else could

see so clearly, thought she, so she said:

"Bert, if I was a man, and I loved a girl, I would not take it for granted she wanted to marry any one else until I had first found out she did not love me," and she laughed merrily, and Mrs. Goodwin thought how happy her darlings were. "I think men on that line are very stupid creatures," said she.

"You have had a wide experience, surely, as your age will indicate," suggested Bert.

"But seriously now, if you thought she did care, would n't you want to be like the — rest of us, Bert? You know He never would turn you away, don't you? And I guess some folks would grieve if they could n't see somebody. However, I'll tell her what you say."

"There! Stop now, Sis, you have said enough, and you are one of the best, yes, the very best sisters in all the world." And even out in the moonlight he gave her such a hug that she felt quite certain she had helped her brother. And, Oh! she would pray to God so for him now, and so would Ruthie and all the others. Sweet sleep came to her eyelids that night because she had done what she could.

CHAPTER XIII

But Bertie — did he sleep? Oh, no. He wondered if Sis had not been mistaken. He loved Ruthie so. Did she care for him any? Oh! these doubts and fears! Then he would recall the tender looks and glances of his idol, and torment himself in a hundred ways until with his faint-hearted fears he, almost exhausted, threw himself upon his couch, to toss about until the first gleam of the rising sun streamed into the eastern window. When tired and worn he dropped into a fitful slumber, to be awakened with these restful words: "Trust Me."

Oh! how he started up, and again and again that voice seemed to say: "Come

unto me all ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh! if he could only trust. Oh! if he could only find Him! He cried out in agony, " Oh, God, receive me and save me, that I, too, may be worthy to follow Thee; save me now, for Christ's sake. I will trust Thee."

Poor Bertie had let go, and Christ had accepted him, for the peace of God had come into his heart, and he knew he had found the Saviour. And he lay sleeping so sweetly when his sister came to call him to breakfast, that she tip-toed out of the room so softly for fear of disturbing him, that he did not come down until mother's anxiety caused her to go a second time to waken the sleeper.

But, Oh! the joyful news was too good to keep, and after a hurried meal, mother

and sister were told of the happy truth, and strange to say, Bertie was not one mite worried now about Ruth. He seemed to feel Christ had made all things right, which indeed proved true, for when he asked her, she said " yes " so sweetly, and all were pleased. For was he not an exceptional young man? And the good work went on, " The Lord working with them, and confirming the Word with signs following."

And our dear Ella brought many dear souls to the feet of her blessed Lord, and was greatly used of Him. And, Oh, one day her joy was great. She was singing praises to her heavenly king when her father called her and asked if she would sing an old hymn for him that had been in his mind two or three days. It was,

"Remember Me, Remember Me," "And When Thou Sittest on Thy Throne, Dear Lord, Remember Me." How her heart beat with joy as she assented to her dear father's request!

Truly, the dear heavenly father would remember him. Surely, her mother's prayers, as well as hers and Bertie's, were being heard. Oh, how she prayed, when after the song had been sung she looked up for the smile of approval, but found the glistening tears were in those dear eyes, and she knew that her father had returned to his God.

What a rejoicing was there in that happy household that night! Not one out of the fold. Surely, her cup was running over.

And when about a year after, the young bishop asked her parents for the hand of their daughter in marriage, and the consent had been gained, she felt the dear Lord had led her truly into great happiness, for surely God was with her. How *He* satisfied the hungry soul!

CHAPTER XIV

And dear little Josie — what about her? Why, ever since that eventful night at the prayer-meeting, when she chose the Lord's house as her place of refuge and rest, He never disappointed her. She had given her all to Christ; He had given Himself to her. She worked early and late for the Master, and when her husband, Mr. Spencer, returned to the Mission Field, she gladly went with him, for she had a true missionary spirit, and was ready to lay down her life for her Saviour, if need be.

Oh! how could she leave her dear mother? How could her mother let her go? She could go to save dying souls. She went for Jesus, who died for her. She

went to tell others the story, and Christ's arms were around her. No harm can come to the trusting child, as was proved, for in three years she returned to visit her dear mother for a while, as business had called Mr. Spencer home again for a brief season.

And, Oh, what rejoicing! And the dear mother — did she not trust her child to one who was able and willing to do more for her than she could even ask or think.

So may God hold His dear ones, and keep those who trust Him in peace and quiet, giving them souls for their hire, for "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." — I. Cor. 2:9.

Mrs. Goodwin was glad and happy to

give her beloved daughter to Christ, to be used of Him any way He saw best to bring souls to His blessed feet, and He greatly used the dear mother for His honor and glory.

So we take leave of all our dear ones, leaving them all working for the Master.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Goodwin are doing grand work among the young people, and a great revival is going on in the vineyard of the Lord.

Dear Aunt Abbie, as so many call her, is still bringing in sheaves, and doing what her hand finds to do for the Master.

God bless our moral girls who stand boldly for the right, and let their influence be felt for good.

May Christ add His blessing to this little work, In His Name, founded on facts, and written under the direction of the Holy Spirit.

SUNSHINE IN THE SHADOWS

SUNSHINE IN THE SHADOWS.

God's Love.

Herein do we know, God is real.

Oh, the wonderful love of Jesus. He gave His life for you and me. Died for us, shed His last drop of blood for you and me that we might be saved.

Let us count on that love. It will never fail us.

Come, give yourself to Christ now without a moment's delay and God will call you His child forever.

His love is boundless. He says: " Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. — John 3. 17.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us. — I John 16.

How can we know that we are the children of God? The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God. — Rom. 8. 16.

And because ye are Sons and Daughters of the living God, He hath sent the Spirit of His Son into your hearts.

Love is strong as death, many waters cannot quench it. Neither can the floods drown it. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. — John 3. 16.

Then justified by Him, let us go on unto sanctification.

Let us receive the Holy Ghost to abide in our hearts forever, for this is the will of God concerning you even your sanctification. Have you received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? — Acts 19. 2.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Oh, weary, struggling one,
With heavy care oppressed,
Come, lean upon His loving arm,
And find in Him sweet, perfect rest.

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled. Neither let it be afraid. Peace I leave with you, this is the Voice of Jesus speaking to you just now. You, my sister, who need His rest, you dear, troubled ones who have so long struggled and seemingly in vain for victories for and in Him.

Remember, it is peace that the world cannot give, nor take away.

Is your burden heavy? Lay it down at His feet, and leave it there, Jesus will bear it away.

There is nothing too hard for our Lord to carry for you. He loves you, and His peace passeth all understanding.

Now, the God of Hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing that ye may abound in hope.

Through the power of the Holy Ghost, the God of Peace be with you all.

HOLY COURAGE.

Let not your heart be troubled,
Your Saviour stands by your side,
He says, " I'll never leave nor forsake thee,
I will ever be your guide."

Neither let your heart be afraid,
For He will go before
And make the crooked places straight;
For you He has His love in store.

He is our God, our rock and our salvation,
His blood cleanseth from sin, from condemnation,
Though fiercely around us the tempest may rage
And trials beset us, we are not dismayed.

O Father, fill our hearts anew
With Thy fresh love each day,
That we may not fail when Jesus says,
" Go feed my lambs on the broad highway."

Go work for Jesus; do what you can
To lift the sorrow around you;
If only a cup of cold water you give,
Your reward is sure, for your Saviour lives.

He said, " Ye are by faith made whole,"
And spake in tones so sweet,
" Be thou cleansed in the holy, sacred blood,
In Me ye are now complete."

Delight in the Lord, to His word hold fast;
He shall give thee the desires of thine heart,
Commit thy way unto Him and trust,
And He shall bring it to pass.

HIMSELF OUR HEALER.

Happy are His believers
By His holy promise sealed,
Who can believe His word and trust His grace,
For by His stripes we are healed.

So hasten, my sister, my brother,
There is pardon and healing, too;
Get washed in the blood of Jesus,
There is cleansing and blessing for you.

He is waiting for you to trust Him
With that sorrowful burden of yours
That you thought could never be lifted
These many, many years.

Our burden bearer is our defense,
He never grows weary our sorrows to share;
Just now look up with confidence,
He's waiting to answer your prayer.

His ear is not heavy that He cannot hear
Those who cry unto Him in distress;
His word is life unto those who find them,
And health to all their flesh.

O be joyful then, ye children of light,
And labor with Him while 'tis day,
For he cometh soon His jewels to crown,
Go work in His vineyard while you may.

In His Name,

THE AUTHOR.

Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men! — Psalm xxxi, 19.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. — Psalm 91, 1.

I will dwell in the midst of them.—Ezekiel 43, 9.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes. — Song of Solomon ii, 15.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. — St. John 7, 37.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe. — Proverbs xviii. 10.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on the life eternal. — I Tim. 6, 12.

Be strong and of good courage: . . . for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. — Deuteronomy xxxi. 6.

Out in the highway, out in the by-way,
Out in the dark paths of sin,
Go forth, go forth with a loving heart,
And gather the wand'rers in!

The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry. — Psalm 34, 15.

If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it. — St. John 14, 14.

Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity. — Micah 7, 18.

The Lord is ready to save me. — Isaiah 38, 20.

Go, stand and speak . . . to the people all the words of this life. — Acts v. 20.

Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for your work shall be rewarded. — 2 Chronicles xv. 7.

Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night. — Isiah xxi. 11, 12.

See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming; — Call them in.

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